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B. IRON STOW, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

## SACRED ELOQUENCE.

THE SAVIOUR'S TRIUMPH.

We have read with unusual interest, a sermon recently preached before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by the Rev. Dr. Griffin, and published in the September number of the National Preacher. The subjoined are the concluding paragraphs:—

And when all his elect are brought home and displayed in one happy family around the throne, with what infinite joy will he bend over his redeemed Church, and contemplate their blessedness, and hear their praise. And what glory and honour and blessing will their bursting hearts for ever ascribe to him. John had a vision of this scene and makes the following report. "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne and about the elders and the four living creatures, and fell before the throne on their faces and worshipped God, saying, amen; blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honour and power and might be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen." At another time he saw a grand jubilee held in heaven in honour of the Lamb; the redeemed first beginning the song, the angels then striking in, and before it was done the whole creation employed in the bursting praise. "And when he had taken the book, the four living creatures and four and twenty elders [the representatives of the whole Church] fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints. And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and [about] the living creatures and the elders: (and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands,) saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. And the four living creatures said, Amen; and the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever."

How delightful to contemplate the honours which encircle the Lamb in the midst of his Father's throne. After wandering an exile from heaven for more than thirty years for our revolt, how joyous to know that he has found a home. After the crown of thorns, we are happy to see him wear the diadem of the universe. After depending for bread on the charity of his female followers, we are glad to see him the Heir of all things, and able in his turn to impart to others. After being so long neglected and despised by men, we rejoice that he has found those who know how to honour his worth; we exult to hear the shout of all heaven in his praise. After the agonies of the garden and the cross, we sing and shout for joy that he has found infinite and eternal delight in the glory of his Father and the salvation of his Church. Let him have his happiness and its honours. Amidst all the sufferings of life, it shall be our solace that the despised Nazarene has found his throne,—that the man of sorrows is happy at last. Of all the luxuries that ever feasted the human soul, the sweetest is to see the Lamb that was in the midst of his Father's throne. We will abalm his name in our grateful hearts. We will abalm it by our praise, which shall live while we live, and sink away upon our dying lips. And we will embalm it among the songs of the upper world. If we are permitted to come and stand where the elders bow, how will we bow and sing. Whence shall look down to hell and see our old companions there, and then back to Calvary, and then look up and read the touching traces of love in the melting eyes and among the prints of the nails and the thorns, we will embalm his name if love and song can do it. We will tell all heaven if ever new inhabitants should come in from other worlds, they shall hear the story of Calvary. If commissioned in remote ages of eternity to visit other systems, we will carry the amazing tidings to them. We will tell them to all we meet. We will erect monuments of the wonderful facts on every plain of heaven, and inscribe them all over with the story of the manger, the garden, and the cross. While gratitude and truth remain, the name and the love of Jesus shall never be forgotten.

And now, my beloved brethren, I invite you to go with me and look for a moment over the interesting scene which is opened on earth. For many years the Christian world has been sunk in a profound slumber in regard to this duty; but for the last four and thirty years they have been waking up. He who has engraven Zion on the palms of his hands,—who never wants means to fulfil his promises,—has sent his heavenly influence to rouse the Christian world. He beheld the desolations of Zion and has come to rebuild her ruined walls. He heard the groans of his people as with harps on the willows they were weeping “by the rivers of Babylon,” and has come to bring them again “to

Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.” Eternal thanks to God for what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard for the last four and thirty years. Eternal thanks to God for the increasing wonders which are rapidly opening on the world. And O can we restrain the bursting emotion? For ever blessed be his great and glorious name for what we have begun to see in our own land. It is more than thirty years since the Christians in Great Britain awoke; and they have been holding on their way with increasing majesty and glory, until that little island bestows annually more than a million of dollars upon strangers. It is fourteen years since New England broke her slumbers, and now the mass of her population seems drenched in the missionary spirit. I saw the day cover the plains of Europe. I saw the westward-travelling light spread itself over the eastern states. Nine years ago, I saw the rays of the morning tip our Presbyterian horizon. I saw the dawn blush deeper and deeper. I knew it would not all return again to midnight. I knew the sun would rise. At length I saw his golden limb above the eastern woods; and from the course of day I knew that soon the heavenly flood would cover all the plains of Arkansas and the Pacific. Already the influence of heaven has dropped upon the wilderness and the yell of the war whoop is changed to notes of praise. We must not stop till every Indian tongue has joined the general song. We must not stop till our influence has cheered the whole extent of South America. And then we must go forth to the islands, and hold on our way till we meet our brethren in other fields and unite with them in completing the harvest of the world.

We owe the sincerest gratitude to God for giving us our existence in such a day as this. Many prophets and kings desired to see this day and saw it not. One spirit has seized the Christian world to send the Gospel, with a great number of its publishers, to all the nations of the earth. Missionary and Bible societies, those stupendous monuments of Christian Charity, have risen so rapidly and in so great numbers throughout Europe and America, that in contemplating them, we are “like them that dream.” These societies have already accomplished wonders, and are constantly stretching forward to future achievements beyond the reach of imagination. On the burning sands of Africa, where Christian feet never before trod, there is the holy band of missionaries, struggling amidst dangers and deaths, to lead the sable tribes of Ethiopia to stretch forth their hands to God. On the plains of Hindostan, a “consecrated host” are translating the scriptures into more than thirty different languages, spoken by a population greater than that of all Europe. On the borders of China they have produced a version which will give the oracles of God to one quarter of the population of the globe. In the southern islands a nation is born in a day. From the hill of Zion,—from the top of Calvary,—they are freighting every caravan of pilgrims with Bibles for all the countries of the east. Certainly the angel has begun his flight through the midst of heaven, carrying the everlasting gospel to preach—to every nation and kindred and tongue and people.”

My soul is enlarged and stands erect as I look down the decivity of years and see the changes which these young Davids, under God, will make in all the earth. Countless millions are shortly to awake from the sleep and darkness of a hundred ages to hail the day that will never go down. I see the darkness rolling upon itself and passing away from a thousand lands. I see a cloudless day following and laying itself over all the earth. I see the nations coming up from the neighbourhood of the brutes to the dignity of the sons of God,—from the sty in which they had wallowed, to the purity of the divine image. I see the meekness of the Gospel assuaging their ferocious passions, melting down a million contending units into one, silencing the clangour of arms, and swelling into life a thousand budding charities which had died under the long winter. I hear the voice of their joy. It swells from the valleys and echoes from the hills. I already hear on the eastern breeze the songs of new-born nations. I already catch the western gale the praise of a thousand islands. I ascend the Alps and see the darkness retiring from the papal world. I ascend the Andes and see South America and all the islands of the Pacific one altar. I ascend the mountains of Thibet, and hear from the plains of China and from every jungle and pagoda of Hindostan the praises of the living God. I see all Asia bowing before him who eighteen centuries ago hung in the midst of them on Calvary. I traverse oceans and hear from every floating Bethel the songs of the Redeemed.

The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
Shout to each other; and the mountain tops,  
From distant mountains, catch the flying joy;  
The nation after nation taught the strain,  
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.”

Come that blessed day. Let my eyes once behold the sight, and then give this worthless body to the worms.

## PREACHERS' FRIEND.

From the American Baptist Magazine.

ON COMPLIMENTARY EXPRESSIONS IN PRAYER AT THE CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

In your Magazine for November last, there is a communication on the subject of *praising ministers*. The great impropriety, and manifest evil tendency of that practice, are, I think, there justly described. Most cordially approving the sentiments contained in that Essay, I have watched with some solicitude for proofs of its good effects. If not greatly mistaken, I have already seen them. We have not so many pompous accounts of ministerial services.—The language of unmeasured praise is not dealt out so freely in relation to every ordination, dedication or missionary sermon that is preached. This is as it should be. It exhibits the gratifying evidence that a more correct taste is making its way into the Christian community.

Will you allow me, Messrs. Editors, to offer a few remarks on another evil, which somewhat pre-

vails, and which is no less offensive to good taste, than it is to Christian piety. I refer to the usage, when there is more than one minister in the pulpit, of converting the last prayer into a complimentary address on the talents and zeal of the speaker. It is quite too common in this part of worship, for brother ministers to express themselves in the following words, “We thank thee, O God, for the interesting, appropriate and excellent discourse which thy servant has delivered.” Sometimes thanks are given that “such a burning and shining light has been raised up,” with the petition, “that he may shine with increasing lustre as he advances in years; and that his sun may be largest at its setting.” The terms pathetic, solemn, judicious, able, eloquent, are in frequent use. Applause is occasionally administered with a little more delicacy, by informing the Lord how “agreeably the people have been entertained.”

This very questionable practice has indeed become so common, that the last prayer is looked upon as a kind of thermometer, by which the congregation is to ascertain the degree of indifference, apathy, or astonishment, which marks the feelings of him, at least, who offers it. And should a minister dare to be singular by rising superior to this folly: should he feel contempt for it, as altogether inconsistent with the simplicity and humility which should always characterize Christian worship, it is more than probable that his motives will be misjudged. It will be decided at once, that his feelings towards the preacher are below the freezing point.

Nor are its evil effects confined to hearers. While they are listening with anxiety, not indeed, to hear “the fervent and effectual prayer,” but the opinion which may be given of their favourite preacher, he himself is in danger of being lifted up with pride by ill-timed encomiums; or of being mortified by supposed neglect. Ministers have been accustomed so long to this kind of compliment, that they naturally look for it, especially if they have pronounced discourses which have cost them considerable labour. What is the consequence? Why, if they do not receive the usual *quantum sufficit* of praise; and especially if they receive none at all, they feel disappointed. It will be well if there be no whisperings, no jealousies, no private inquiries, why, in the last prayer, there were so few expressions of approbation.

It is time that we have done with all this. The object of a short address to the throne of grace, at the close of a sermon, should be, not to eulogize the speaker, but to supplicate the blessing of Almighty God, on what, at best, has been spoken in much weakness. Instead of directly or indirectly applauding the preacher, the earnest desire of the person who conducts the closing devotion, should be, that the Gospel of Christ which has been dispensed may be the power of God unto salvation to those who have just heard it; and that they may leave the place, not so much in admiration of the preacher, as in a deep and humble conviction of their own utter worthlessness.

Much more might be said why this practice, so far as it has existed, should cease. To flatter the vanity and pride of man in any religious service is very improper. But it is peculiarly so to do it in prayer. Were I officiating as a minister in the presence of the most august assembly in the world, I would not on any account speak of them in prayer, as a respectable, talented, or dignified body of men. In the intercourse of life I would show the individuals comprising this assembly, all the respect due to their worth, office, and talents; but when presenting them before God, I could only speak of them as creatures dependent upon him; as men holding responsible stations, but who can do nothing without a divine blessing; or as sinners, who like all others, can have no hope of salvation except through the mercy of God in our Lord Jesus Christ. Neither should I dare, in the attitude of an humble suppliant, to give glory to a minister, whatever might be his eminence. To use flattering expressions in relation either to his natural or acquired powers, would be any thing but acceptable prayer.

Besides, as it would be very indecorous and even ungenerous to show in a closing prayer our feelings of dissatisfaction towards a minister who has just spoken; and as we might do him the greatest injustice by thus publicly censuring his performance, so it would be equally indecorous to praise him to his face, and in the presence of a large congregation. There is nothing good in this practice. Its origin is not good. Its effects are not good. Let every minister then, at least by his own example, disown the thing. Were I in that sacred office, I would not ask any one to pray at the close of one of my discourses, unless there was good reason to believe, that he would not so far forget the object of prayer as to offer to me the unprofitable and noxious incense of adulation.

X. Y.

## DR. ADAM CLARK'S LETTER TO A PREACHER ON THE WORK OF THE MINISTER.

Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,  
Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,  
On Christian or on heathen ground;  
The flower's divine where'er it grows;  
Neglect the prickles, and assume the rose.

W. A. T.

Concerning the *Spirit in which a Minister should do his work.*

1. Be diligent: never be unemployed a moment:—never be triflingly employed:—never waste away time:—neither spend any more time at any place than is strictly necessary.

2. Be serious. Let your motto be, *Holiness to the Lord.* Avoid all lightness, jesting and foolish talking.

3. Converse sparingly and cautiously with women: particularly young women.

4. Take no step towards marriage, without consulting with your brethren.

5. Believe evil of no one; unless you see it done. Take heed how you credit it. Put the best construction on every thing. You know, the *judge is always supposed to be on the prisoner's side.*

6. Speak evil of no one; else your words especially would eat as doth a canker: keep your

thoughts within your breast, till you come to the person concerned.

7. Tell every one what you think wrong in him, and that plainly, as soon as may be, else it will fester in your heart.

8. Do not affect the *gentleman.* You have no more to do with this character, than with that of a dancing-master. A preacher of the gospel should be the *servant of all.*

9. Be ashamed of nothing but *sin*: not of fetching wood or drawing water, if time permit: nor of cleaning your own shoes, or those of your neighbour.

10. Be punctual: do every thing exactly at the time: and keep your rules, not for wrath, but for conscience' sake.

11. You have nothing to do but to *save souls*: therefore, spend, and be spent in the work: and go always, not only to those who want you, but to those who want *you most.*

12. It is not your business to *preach so many times*, merely, or to take care of *this or that society*: but to *save as many souls as you can*: to bring as many *sinners* as you possibly can to *repentance*, and with all your power to build them up in that holiness, without which they cannot see the Lord.

These rules, next to the *Scriptures*, will prove a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path: and will always recommend themselves to your judgment, your conscience, and your heart.

From what are termed the *smaller advices*, relative to preaching, I shall make a short extract, though several of the subjects here shall be treated more at large, in the course of this letter

1. Be sure never to *disappoint* a congregation, unless in case of life or death.

2. Begin and end precisely at the time appointed.

3. Let your deportment before the congregation be serious, weighty and solemn.

4. Always *suit your subject* to your *audience*.

5. Choose the *plainest texts* you can.

6. Take care not to *ramble*, but keep to your *text*, and make out what you take in hand.

7. Be sparing in *allegorizing* or *spiritualizing*.

8. Take care of any thing awkward or affected either in your *gestures*, *phrase* or *pronunciation*.

9. Sing no hymns of your own composing.

10. Beware of *clownishness*. Be courteous to all.

11. Be merciful to your *beast*; not only ride moderately, but see that your horse be rubbed, fed and bedded.

12. Every where recommend *cleanliness*.—*Cleanliness is next to godliness.*

From these excellent documents, I forbear to make any farther quotations, and come immediately to the general object which, I trust, you will, in the fear of God, seriously attend.

Remember that God is the fountain of all good; whatever comes from him will lead to him. His blessing is on his own productions, and his curse on every thing besides. *Son of Man*, saith the Lord, *receive the word at my mouth, and warm them from me.* Deeply consider that, to be successful in bringing souls to God, you must bring the *spirit* of the gospel into the work of the ministry.—In order to this; see that you retain a clear sense of God's mercy to your own soul, and of your call to the work; and while you feel his love in your heart, it will not only support you in all trials and difficulties, but will induce you cheerfully to spend and be spent for the salvation of those for whom Christ has died.

2. You preach, not merely to explain God's word, but to save souls: whenever you forget this, you go astray. Now as no man can see the worth of the salvation which God has provided for him, till he be convinced of his want of it; therefore, preach the law and its terrors to make way for the gospel of Christ crucified. But take heed, lest while you announce terrors of the Lord, in order to awaken sinners and prepare them for Christ, that you do not give way to your own spirit, especially if you meet with opposition. Remember that admirable advice given by the greatest preacher God ever made, to a young man just setting out in the work: *The servant of God must not strive, but be gentle towards all; apt to teach; patient; in meekness instructing those who oppose themselves.* 2 Tim. ii. 24, 25. From an indescribable law in the economy of the intellectual world, the spirit that acts upon another, begets it in its own likeness. You will get a profusion of light on this subject, if you take care to carry the Spirit and unction of Christ with you into all your public ministrations, and preserve them in all your private communications with the people. I have known ministers, and of no mean note either, who seldom have a soul comforted under their ministry, merely because of their harsh, austere manner of preaching the gospel. Others, far their inferiors in point of ministerial qualifications, get souls for their hire wherever they come, principally (under God) through their affectionate manner of recommending the gospel of the grace of Christ. Of the former, it has been justly said, *They make even the promises of God too hot to be held.*

3. Beware of discouraging the people; therefore avoid continually finding fault with them. This does very great hurt. There are some, whose sermons impress nothing but terror; and though they point out the heights and depths of holiness, yet they leave the hearers no courage to follow on to know the Lord. There are others who become *Censors general* of the different societies to whom they preach. This (imperceptible to themselves) spoils their own tempers, begets a spirit of uncharitableness, and greatly injures their usefulness. If you find a society *fallen or failing*, examine as closely as you can to find out all the good that is among them; and, copying Christ's conduct towards the seven Asiatic churches, preface all that you have to say on the head of their backsliding, with the good that remains in them: and make that *good*, which they still possess, the reason why they should shake themselves from the dust, take courage, and earnestly strive for more. If you ground your exhortations to increasing diligence and zeal on what they have *lost*, instead of on what they yet possess, and may speedily gain, you miss your way, and lose your labour. I tried the former way, and did no good: I abandoned it, and adopted the latter, and God



speak; for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, say not, I am a child, for thou shall go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak.' Ordaining Prayer, by the Rev. Irab Chase, Professor in the Theological Institution at Newton; Charge, by the Rev. Dr. Chaplin, President of Waterville College, Maine; Right Hand of fellowship, by the Rev. Gustavus F. Davis, of South Reading, and concluding Prayer, by the Rev. Joseph Grafton, of Newton.

At Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 22d of August ult. the Rev. Wm. T. Brantly, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

At New Ipswich, N. H. on the 7th ult. the Rev. Bela Wilcox, as an Evangelist. Sermon by the Rev. Eliasha Andrews, Jr. of Louisa.

On the 24th of August, the Rev. Samuel Pomroy was ordained as an Evangelist, at Lower Merion, Montgomery Co. Pennsylvania. Hymn and reading the Scriptures, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Montgomery. Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Montanye. Questions propounded to the candidate by the Rev. Horatio G. Jones. Ordaining prayer by the Rev. Mr. Montanye. Bible presented and right hand of Fellowship, by the Rev. H. G. Jones. Charge by the Rev. Mr. Dagg. Benediction by the candidate.

A new Baptist Meeting House is now building in Boston, in Federal Street. On Mo day, the 25th ult. the corner stone was laid with Christian ceremonies. Address by the Rev. Mr. Sharp. Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Knowles. The location of this meeting-house is one of the most eligible in the City. The building is to be of brick, 74 feet square.

The London Baptist Magazine, for August, says that the health of the Rev. Eustace Carey is so delicate and precarious, that his medical advisers had forbade his preaching or engaging in any public service for several months to come.

#### ANDOVER SEMINARY.

The Anniversary Commencement of this Institution was held on Wednesday, the 27th ult. The following subjects were treated by candidates for admission:

1. In Sacred Literature.—The nature and design of the argument in Heb. iv. with a translation of verses i—ii.

How far should one who sustains the pastoral office, pursue the study of the original Scriptures?

Translation of Is. xvii. 12—xviii. 7, with a brief explanation of the meaning of this prophecy.

Remarks on the usual method of interpreting the figurative language of prophecy, parable, and allegory.

Translation of Eccl. xii. 1—7, with a brief explanation of the nature of the imagery employed, and the sentiment conveyed by it.

2. In Christian Theology.—

In what respects are the instructions of God's Word superior to those which reason derives from his works?

Scripture doctrine of regeneration, conformed to reason.

Reasons against antinomianism.

Christianity opposed to enthusiasm.

Propriety and advantages of Systematic Theology.

Importance of the doctrines of Christianity as connected with its precepts.

3. Ecclesiastical History.—Utility of historical theology—History of the apostle Peter.—Life and labours of Paul.—The spirit of ancient Monachism.—John Knox, the Scotch reformer.

4. In Sacred Rhetoric.—British pulpit in the time of Charles II.—Remarks on Robert Hall.—Important usefulness connected with the proper application of good common talents to the preacher's work.—Indiscretion in the pulpit.—Extreme caution to ministerial enterprise in this country.—The preacher can operate successfully upon mind, only by conforming to its laws;—with the valedictory addresses.

#### For the Columbian Star.

'Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime, Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time, Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade,— When all the sister planets have decayed; When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow, And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below; Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile, And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile!'

Immense in number, and infinite in variety, are the objects, with which the busy thoughts of men are incessantly occupied. We retrace the march of time, and contemplate the diversified events of former days. We look abroad and survey the changing scenes of the passing moment. We descend the stream and form to ourselves images of things, which are yet to come. Thus the past, the present and the future, supply us with separate fields, over which the active mind is accustomed to wander. But, if we mark with care, the objects, which, in ordinary circumstances, engage our meditation, we shall find, that the past and the present are comparatively forgotten and unregarded. In the rude and disordered state of our nature, our vain imagination delights to feast itself on illusions; but these are not to be seen spread over the face of past events. We contemplate them in their true character; and, since they failed to bring us the good, which they promised, we choose to leave them "with the years beyond the flood."

The scenes of the present hour, like those which have forever disappeared, only mock our wild expectations. We turn from them in the bitterness of disappointment, and seek to lose ourselves in extravagant anticipations of the future. It is often painful to remember what we have been; we are dissatisfied with what we are, and life is rendered tolerable only by the hope of what we shall be. It is hope, that leads us on from scheme to scheme, and from action to action. It is Hope, that warms and softens the cold, iron hand of poverty. It is Hope, that wipes the tear, and lights up the smile, and sustains the heart, when the projects of ambition are dashed to the ground, or when objects the fairest and most desirable have been suddenly blasted before the eyes of their enthusiastic pursuers. It is Hope, that pushes aside the clouds, which darken our sky, and reveals a cheering sun. But

the hope, which animates the bosoms of the great mass of mankind, are very extravagant, and the objects themselves, in relation to which they are exercised, extremely precarious. Hence, a large portion of the vanity and vexation, which, after a long series of mortifications and disappointments, we are compelled to ascribe to all things sublunar. Happy indeed, if, while from day to day, we witness the wreck of our fondest earthly anticipations, occasioned by the unforeseen fluctuations of time, we do but fix our highest, our dearest hopes on objects beyond the grave; fadest objects and susceptible of no decay; substantial objects, which will not elude our eager grasp, just as we raise our hands to make them our own.

'O, the high, and holy, and rapturous emotions of that good Hope, which is based on the rock, that neither trembles at the rage and commotions of hell, nor is moved by the voice of Sinai! The objects, about which such a hope is conversant, are embraced in complete deliverance from the melancholy ruins of the fall, and a welcome reception to the endless felicities and glory of the heavenly state. How justly then, it is styled a "Blessed Hope!" How full of immortality! O! if there is a possession, in comparison of whose value ten thousand worlds are lighter than vanity, it is this heaven-born principle. With this to animate and sustain us, what trifles are the changes, that occur in the progress of human life! Let frowning clouds ascend and occupy its vernal skies; let summer's gentle breeze and fructifying showers be withheld; let Autumn hasten on, and the needful riches of hill and valley be sought for in vain; let dreary Winter's stern attendants combine and spread their shivering influence; still sacred Hope shall flourish in the good man's soul, and man himself shall smile amid the sadness of surrounding desolations! For,

There is a Shore,  
Where storms are hushed and tempests never rage;  
Where angry skies and blackening seas no more  
With gusty strife their raging warfare wage;  
By him its peaceful margin shall be trod,  
His home is heaven, and his friend is God."

#### SPEAKER.

#### For the Columbian Star.

Man enters on the career of life, totally ignorant of the region through which his path will conduct him, and of the various dangers and obstacles, which he must necessarily encounter and surmount. In order, therefore, to pass on with ease and in safety, he is dependent, in a great degree, upon the information of those, who have trod the ground before him, and who preserve a vivid recollection of the objects, which came within the sphere of their observation.

But, alas! it is the misfortune of the impetuous and volatile youth, to date on his self-sufficiency; to be sadly ignorant of his destitution of knowledge. His daring mind looks down on the idea of dependence with supreme contempt. Not yet detected of imposture, his wayward fancy spreads out before him a smooth and level terra firma, luxuriant in all the sweets of nature, without any mixture of the bitter and the poisonous; a vast and magnificent plain, which he may range at his pleasure, unmetalled by the pitfalls and rugged elevations, the bogs and the torrents, which the sage experience of heavy hairs, foresees, may prove his ultimate destruction.

The wholesome advice and tender exhortations of a parent, a guardian, or a preceptor, are regarded by those who are in the height of youthful passions, as somany restraints, imposed on their lawful pleasures and gratifications, through the influence either of spleen or of something worse.

If maternal solicitude attempt to whisper warning in the ear of a beloved daughter, she, at once, imagines herself regarded as an idiot, and indignantly replies, she hopes she is capable of acting for herself. A young man, whose follies and imprudence have become the annoyances of his father's peace, and are blasting the fondest expectations of his friends, and threatening the disgrace and ruin of his family, is impatient of all reproof. He knows what he is doing, and needs not the whimsical advice of decayed intellect.

If the benevolence and assiduity of a preceptor are employed in attempting to mould the moral character of his pupil, the pert young tyro's object is, not to study precepts of morality, but literature and sciences. Thus, the rashness of youth often wings them onward to destruction, while the counsels of age and experience, which would have conducted them to happiness and renown, pass unheeded, and the gray hairs of their fathers and friends, descend "with sorrow to the grave."

#### OCTOGENARIUS.

The Mayor of this City has given information, that Mr. Wirt, the Attorney General of the United States, will pronounce an eulogy on the lives and character of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, in the chamber of the House of Representatives on the 19th instant.

The rotunda of the Capitol in this City, is found to possess the capacity of conducting the least audible whispers in the same manner as the famous Gallery of St. Paul's Church, London.

A letter from Vera Cruz, dated the 21st ult. received by the Greek, states that Com. Porter would embark in a few weeks for the United States.

American Tract Society.—Since the anniversary meeting of the Society in May, the receipts of the Treasurer have amounted to 8,567 dollars, which is nearly equal to the income of the last year. The number of Tracts printed since the first of May, is precisely 800,000, which is more than the number printed during the whole of the last year. The demand for second, third, fourth and fifth editions of the Tracts already issued is so great that the printer has not been able to furnish a regular supply beyond No. 134.—Mr. Fanshaw, the printer employed by the Society, has now two presses moved by steam in the rapidity and style of executing their work, and are particularly adapted to printing engravings. \*The power employed by Mr. F. on the Tracts, is equal to eight printing presses, which, according to his estimate, will create an expense for paper, printing, &c., of about 600 dollars a week, or 30,000 dollars per year.

Emancipation.—A correspondent of Zion's Herald mentions that a few months since, Mr. Herbert Elder, a worthy member of the Methodist church at his death left all his slaves free, on condition of their going to the colony at Liberia, in Africa. There are about twenty of them; all of good character, and industrious habits. They are willing to go, and the Colonization Society has agreed to send them out, in some future expedition.

William Ray.—This patriot of the Tripolitan war is one of those unfortunate sons of song who, passed by neglected and forgotten by the world, has been doomed to pass the latter days of his life in penury and want. The pitiful compensation for his services, which has twice been asked from Congress, has in both instances been denied,—and to relieve the wants of his declining years, he has lately published a volume of poems.—The following stanza from his pen, lately appeared in the Auburn Free Press:—

My harp is on the willow hung;  
My minstrelsy is o'er;  
The trembling chords are all unstrung,  
For palid is the tongue;  
And with despair my heart is wrung,  
And I can sing no more;  
Till heaven the gift restore;  
And should that moment never be,  
Ah! who will ever think of me?

Literary.—Chancellor Kent of Columbia College, N. Y. has now in press the first volume of his course of Law Lectures. The volume will treat at large of the European and American Code of International Law; of the Government and Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States; and of the various sources of the Municipal Law of the several States. The Chancellor has acquired the name of "American Blackstone."

A Mons. Lagarde has published a curious book at Paris called *Biographie des Bourbons depuis 1824*. It has an enormous sale, and is written in a singularly bold style. Every one who wishes to become thoroughly acquainted with the history of France from 1814 to 1826, shou'd read it. It is one of the very few books on the subject of public affairs, not paid for by the Bourbons.

The commencement of Princeton College occurred on the 27th ult. Upwards of fifty young gentlemen were admitted to the first or second degree in the Arts. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon the Hon. Charles Fenton Mercer, of Virginia; and the degree of D. D. upon the Rev. Mr. Morse, of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

An American Naval officer in the Mediterranean, writing to a friend, says: "In entering the harbour of Messina, we passed through the ancient and much celebrated Charybdis: but I believe all who had never seen it before, felt much disappointed, as it did not whirl or flow with as much force as the tide round the wharves of Philadelphia. The celebrated Scylla is also in sight, but is I believe, as tame as its celebrated neighbour on the side of the strait."

It is stated in the Rhode Island Journal that 40,000 pounds of cotton are now manufactured into goods, annually, to that small state.

Mr. Francis Christy, near Eliansborough, Va. harvested a quantity of wheat, weighing on an average, 72 pounds to the bushel, this season.

Capt. R. R. Crocker, just arrived in the Pacific at N. Y. has made 154 passages across the Atlantic, and never met with a serious disaster at sea.

A Protestant Church has very recently been formed at Naples. Divine service is performed in the house of the Prussian minister. Two clergymen preach alternately every Sunday, one in French and the other in German.

The following analysis is given of some adulterated Flour, sold recently in London:—one part pipe clay and chalk, the rest bean flour mixed with some other stuff not poisonous.

The elegant map of South Carolina, lately published, cost the state about \$90,000, and the map of Virginia, also lately published, cost that state about \$65,500.

The *Talmud of Babylon*, a most learned work of antiquity, which has never yet been translated even into Latin, is now in translation into French, by a Society in Paris.

A Mission Printing Press has gone to Madagascar, for printing the New-Testament in Madagascan.—Schools are here established, superintended by missionaries, and patronized by King Radama, in various places. School-books, catechisms, &c. will issue from the Mission Press.

It is said that Mr. Simeon Guilford, a canal engineer, has discovered the materials of which the Roman cement was composed, and has taken out a patent for the composition.

The Jefferson fund amounts to about \$20,000, to wit—in New-York, about \$8,000; in Philadelphia, about \$6,000; in Baltimore, a little more than \$2,000; and all the rest about \$4,000.

The first Railway in America has been made at Quincy, Massachusetts, and is about three miles in length. The first Canal in America was also made in Massachusetts. The principal proprietors are gentlemen of Boston.

The Post Master General has established a guard to accompany the mail between the city of New-York and Philadelphia. The persons employed entered upon the duties of this office on Thursday.

The Alexandria Herald states, that a young gentleman in that place, has in his possession a Journal, which Washington kept of his life, from the time he entered the public service till he was taken sick.

The English papers say that the present peace with the Burmese has a much better prospect of permanence than the former.

Sir Walter Scott has finished four of the six volumes of his life of Napoleon.

The Boston Centinel says that the President of the United States probably will not return to the seat of Government till the middle of October. His public duties, we learn, will not require his presence here before that time.

It is stated, that along the southern shore of the gulf of the St. Lawrence there, are caught in the British North American seas, more than four hundred millions of cod annually.

It is estimated that about a thousand young girls,

milliners and mantua makers, perish each year in London from bad feeding, great labour, want of rest they endure, and other causes.

The Creek Indians have sent a deputation to the west to prepare for an entire emigration from the lands ceded by the new treaty to Georgia. They go in January.

Mr. Henry R. Fearing, a graduate of Brown University, and late tutor of that institution, has been appointed a Professor in the College established at St. Jago, S. America.

Two very respectable members of the Charleston bar, of opposite political sentiments, have recently been prevented fighting a duel by the civil authority, and bound over in the sum of \$8,000 each, to keep the peace.

At Petersburg, Va., a man is to be tried for imposing upon the Editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer an account of a marriage which never took place. Let the thoughtless take heed.

#### TO OUR READERS.

It will be perceived that we issue the present number with a dress somewhat different from that in which the Star has customarily appeared. This is owing to the fact, which we stated last week, that an individual had removed from our office, the types, presses, &c., claiming them as his own.

We have adopted some changes in consequence of this movement, which will be found to improve the general appearance of the paper. The quantity of matter published will be the same as heretofore.

The Columbian Star is now published at the Office of Wm. Cooper, Jr. on Ninth-street, West, between D and E Streets, North.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The strictures of *Philip*, are pertinent, and probably required by the circumstances of his own immediate neighbourhood. Their allusion, however, is quite too local to justify an insertion. We should be gratified to hear from *Philip* on other subjects. He evidently holds a ready and powerful pen.

*Eumenes* and *Admirator*, next week.

*Fiat Justitia* is under consideration. We thank him for his good-will, and cheerfully reciprocate his kind wishes.

#### MARRIED.

In Duxbury, Mass. the Rev. Robert W. CUSHMAN, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. to Miss LUCY, the tenth married daughter of the Hon. Seth Sprague.

In Whiting, Vt. Mr. ALBERT G. HALL, printer of the White-Hall Observer, to Miss EMILY WALKER, of the former place.

At Shawneetown, HENRY EDDY, Esq. Attorney at Law, and Editor of the Illinois Gazette, to Miss MARY JANE, daughter of John Marshall, Esq. both of that place.

#### DIED.

In this city, on the 29th ult. after a short but very severe illness, Mr. WILLIAM POWELL, aged about 21 years. The deceased was a young man of great moral worth and upright demeanour. He lived universally respected, and died regretted by all who knew him.

In this city, on the 29th ult. after a lingering illness of forty-eight days, at the residence of H. T. Weightman, the Rev. Joseph PIERSON, Pastor of the Episcopal Church in Washington, N. C. aged 28 years.

In Georgetown, D. C. on the 29th ult. Mr. JOSEPH PROUD, an industrious citizen, and one of our oldest inhabitants, having settled here thirty years ago.

On Wednesday, MARY GIBSON, aged 3 years, daughter of John Marshall, Esq.

In Burlington, N. J. on the 1st inst. Mrs. ANNA MARIA

## POETRY.

From the Connecticut Mirror.

## THE PILGRIMS.

How slow yon tiny vessel ploughs the main!—  
Amid the heavy billows now she seems  
A toiling atom,—then from wave to wave  
Leaps madly, by the stern tempest lash'd, or reels  
Half wrecked through gulfs profound. Moons wax and wane,  
And still that weary traveller treads the deep.  
I see an ice-bound coast, towards which she steers,  
But with such tardy movements that it seems  
Rough Winter's hand had chang'd her keel to stone,  
And seal'd his victory in her shivery shrouds.—  
They had, they said! No! they were not seen,  
With glittering swans, and gaudy trains, and eye  
Kings with golden facings.—Forth emerge  
From their long prison, hardy forms that brave  
The world's unkindness—men of hoary hairs,  
And virgins of firm heart, and matrons grave,  
Who hush the wailing infant with a glace.—  
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,  
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,  
And savage hordes who through the thickets peer,  
With vengeful arrow. What could lure their steps?  
To this dear desert? Ask of who left  
His father's home to roam through Haran's wild,  
Distrusting not the Guide who call'd him forth,  
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed  
Should be as Ocean's sands.

But you lone bark  
Hath spread her parting sail. They crowd the strand,  
Those few, sad pilgrims. Can ye scan the wo  
That wrings their bosoms, as the last frail link  
Which binds to man, and habitable earth  
Is sever'd?—Can ye tell what pangs are there,  
What keen regrets, what sickness of the heart,  
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,  
Their distant dear ones?

—Long, with steadfast eye  
They watch the lessening speck. Heard you a shriek  
Of anguish, as that bitter loneliness  
Sank down into their bosoms?—No!—they turn  
Back to their dreary, famish'd huts, and pray—  
Pray,—and the ills that haunt this fleeting life  
Fade into air.—Up in each girding breast  
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,  
A loftiness, to scorn a world in arms,  
To strip the pomp from sceptres, and to lay  
Upon the sacred altar the warm blood  
Of slain afflictions, when they rise between  
The soul and God.

—And can ye deem it strange  
That from their planting, such a branch should bloom  
As nation's envy? Would a germ embalm'd  
With the soft, sweet, and sheltering boughs of sleep,  
Than that which mad ambition's hand doth strew  
Upon the winds, to reap the winds again?  
Hid by its veil of waters from the hand  
Of greedy Europe, their bold vine spread forth  
In giant strength. Its early clusters crush'd  
In England's hasty wine-press, gave her host  
A draught of deadly wine.

—Oh! ye who boast  
In your free veins the blood of sinners like these,  
Lose not their lineaments!—Should Mammon cling  
Too close around your heart, or wealth lead on  
That bloated luxury which eats the core.  
From manly virtue,—or the tempting world  
Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,  
Turn ye to Plymouth's beach,—and on that rock  
Kneel in their foot-prints, and renew the vow  
They breath'd to God.

## MEDITATIVE.

From Meikle's Traveller.

## REFLECTIONS ON A MAN OF WAR.

There is a great difference between a trading ship and a man of war. The one goes out for private gain, the other for the public good. That neither intends to attack, nor is prepared to resist, if attacked in her voyage; but this spreads the sails, and sweeps the sea, to find and fight the foe; and, therefore, carries along with her weapons of every kind, and instruments of death.

Even so, the Christian has another course of life to lead than the worldling, even while sojourning in the world. And, as the ship of war must not traffic from port to port, having more noble things in view, life and liberty to defend, and enemies to subdue; so, "no man that warreth, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."

We are never out of danger, while at sea; for, though it be a time of peace, we may be overtaken with a tempest, wrecked on a rock, or sit down on a sand-bank: But, in these disquieted times, we may be shattered by an engagement, sunk by the foe, or blown up by accident; or, should we escape all these, we may have a mutiny within. Just so, whatever be the situation of the sons of men, still the children of grace have a war to maintain; not only a sea full of storms to struggle through, but a field of foes to fight through. It is through fire and water, through severe trials, and heavy afflictions, that all spiritual champions have to force their way. Satan knows well how to act; when faith would look to the bright side of every event, Satan turns up the black side, to drive the soul to despair; and, on the other hand, when grace looks to the blackness of sin, he turns up the beautiful side of pleasure. In adversity, I am ready to dash against the rocks of discontent; and, in prosperity, to fall among the quicksands of worldly cares and temporal concerns. We have foes on every hand to fight, temptations from every quarter to resist, all the powers of darkness, all the principalities of the pit, to combat with; nor is peace to be expected while an enemy is on the field; neither must we lay aside our armour, the weapons of our warfare, till we lay down the body of death.

Again, though for a time we have no foe to affright us, no tempest to trouble us, no rock to endanger us, yet a mutiny may rise within, than which nothing can be more terrible; and it is always the dregs of the crew that are chiefly concerned in it, while the officers are sure either to be cut off, or confined. Just so, there may be tumult raised in the soul, in the very mind, when rascally corruptions, headed by unbelief, claim the command; when grace, faith, love, patience, resignation, spirituality, &c. are wounded, and put under confinement: Thus, one complained of old, "I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." Now, as no scene can be more melancholy than a mutiny, till it be suppressed, and order restored; so nothing can be more melancholy than a soul suffering all the calamities of a war within, corruption rampant, and grace bleeding.

But, how happy is the ship, when peace is restored, and the mutineers secured in irons, and what a strict eye is kept on them during the voyage! So it is with the soul: what joy, what exultation and triumph prevail, when sin is subdued, and the love of God, and peace of conscience, are shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost!

This is known, that when the mutineers get the ascendance, and compel the rest of the ship's company to join them, they turn pirates, are resolute in battle, bloody in their conquests, desperate in all attacks, a terror to, and hated of, every nation.—Even so, he that sets out with a fair profession of religion, and on the way to heaven, but turns a black apostate, spues out malice against the ways of God, becomes the bitterest of all enemies, the most profigate of all offenders, and is hated of saint and sinner.

When a mutiny takes place, it is sometimes requisite for the safety of the ship, and for the honour of government, to cut off some otherwise very useful hands. Just so, we are to cut off lusts, though dear as our right eye, or useful as our right hand, that we perish not for ever.

Again, our being provided with what enables us to defend ourselves, and to distress our foes has sometimes been the ruin of our ships, while the fatal spark makes a terrible explosion, tears the vessel to pieces, and scatters the lifeless crew on the deep. So the best of blessings, the choicest privileges, when not improved, entail the bitterest of curses. Thus Judas, who sat in his divine Master's presence, heard his sermons, and witnessed his miracles, not improving these golden opportunities, turned traitor, and hanged himself, in the anguish of despair. And Capernaum, that in privileges was exalted to heaven, is threatened to be thrust down to hell.

When war is over, peace proclaimed, ships on foreign stations called home, prize-money received, ships paid off, and laid up, and the crew discharged, and set at liberty; how is all mirth and jocundity festivity and joy! But, what tongue can tell the transports, the joy, the rapture, and delight, which the Christian shall feel when his warfare is finished, and he translated to the mansions of glory, to the presence of God!

Some poor creatures, who, though weary of the war, yet not knowing how to support themselves, or where to go, after discharge from the ship, would be content to continue still in the service. And this reminds me of some saints, who, not being free of doubts with respect to their state in a future world, notwithstanding all their toils in life, and struggles against sin, cling to life, and startle at the thoughts of death.

But, there are some provident persons who have saved a little in the course of the war; and some so happy as to get on the half-pay list, or obtain a pension from their prince: These cheerfully retire to live on their money, repeat their dangers, recount their conquests, and commend their King. Just so the souls that are enriched by the king eternal, and blessed with the full assurance of celestial felicity, go triumphant, at the hour of death, to dwell in the courts of God, on the treasures of glory, through an endless evermore.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Christian Mirror.

## TRUE ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT.

In mere declamation, no word must be out of place; no motion must be awkward, or contrary to the rules of rhetoricians; but where an object is to be gained, where an orator speaks on a topic of the deepest moment to his audience, and of the deepest interest, therefore, to himself, I wish to see him so absorbed in his subject, as that he cannot think of criticism and rhetorical rules. Then he will be eloquent as far as his intellectual powers will allow him: you may call his gestures uncouth; his illustrations homely, and his language coarse and often ungrammatical; but the effect on your own mind will tell others he is eloquent.

There must be warmth; there must be boldness; there must be entire ease, and indifference about all criticism, or we shall never have genuine eloquence in the pulpit. Let us then have none of these fastidious criticisms.

A sermon is well written, the language is fine, the thoughts are correct; they are even original; the method is clear and important truth exhibited, and is delivered in an audible voice, and in words correctly pronounced. What then? the hearers, or those who should be hearers, are slumbering. I doubt not, I could lull many a person asleep in a congregation even by reading the noble, heart-stirring addresses of Saurin or Massillon.

Does a man declare evangelical truth clearly? Does he utter it earnestly? Does he proclaim and apply it with feelings correspondent to its nature? If he does, he is eloquent. If he aims directly at this, he takes the turnpike road to eloquence. You may fill a speaker's head with all the precepts of Cicero and Quintilian, Campbell and Blair; and if his heart is cold, he will never move an audience. You may rake over the coals on a hearth, and transpose the fuel all day; if there are no sparks of fire, you will raise no flame.

We cannot urge too much the importance of ministers being eloquent; but the more we criticise, the more we multiply rules, the farther we shall be from eloquence. Our ministers, especially our young ministers, must not dread the keenness of criticism; they had better not know what nice criticism is: A sincere desire to win souls will most effectually make them eloquent. When they have a thorough, systematic, scriptural view of divine truth; when they have carefully observed the manner in which men are moved by preaching; when they have made themselves acquainted with mankind, and have conversed with them much on religious subjects; and when they have an anxious, deep, felt concern for their salvation, then they will be eloquent.

ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR PHENOMENON IN VISION.

On the 13th of February last, I was repeating with candle-light some experiments which I had made before with the light of day, to observe the degree of the sensation produced by a luminous object, seen by both eyes on points of the retina not corresponding. I held a slip of white paper perpendicular to the horizon, about a foot from my eyes, and directing them to an object at some distance behind it, saw, of course, two images of the white paper. I was surprised, however, to find that the colour of these two images were not the same, and neither of the white like the slip of paper; but that on the contrary, they were complementary red and green, so that, when, by changing the direction of my eyes, I

caused the two images to coalesce in the middle, the resulting colour was white like the paper viewed. For a moment I suspected that these appearances arose from a sudden morbid affection of my eyes, for though I had often repeated the same experiment before, I had never observed that the colours of the two images were different. However, as in this experiment the candle stood only a few inches from my right eye, so that it was strongly acted upon by the light, while the left eye was entirely shaded from it; and as I was not ignorant that the action of strong light on one part of the retina appears to affect the sensibility of the surrounding parts, I thought of trying if that circumstance had any share in producing the phenomena. I therefore shifted the candle from the right to the left side, placing it so that it might be seen by the left eye, but not with the right. Instantly the colours of the two images were reversed, that which was green before being now red, and that which was red before, appearing now green: the paper always appearing green to the eye, on which the direct light of the candle fell, and red to that which was in the shade.

At my request, several other persons, both old and young, repeated the same experiment, and, without knowing the result I had obtained, reported unanimously, that, of the two images of the white paper, that which was nearest the candle appeared red, and the other green, or, as some termed it, blue, and that, when the images coalesced, the mixture of the two colors appeared white.

I varied the experiment, by employing slips of paper of different colours. When light red was used, the image seen by the eye, acted on by the light of the candle, appeared nearly white, and the other deep red. When faint green paper was employed, the shaded eye saw it nearly white, and to the other it appeared a stronger green.

As some persons may find a difficulty in attending to the two images while the eyes are directed to a distant object, that inconvenience may be remedied, and the same result obtained, by directing both eyes to the slip of paper itself, and pressing the side of one of the eye-balls. This, as is well known, produces two images of the object; and if the light is properly placed, one of these images will be seen red, and the other green.

But, there are some provident persons who have saved a little in the course of the war; and some so happy as to get on the half-pay list, or obtain a pension from their prince: These cheerfully retire to live on their money, repeat their dangers, recount their conquests, and commend their King. Just so the souls that are enriched by the king eternal, and blessed with the full assurance of celestial felicity, go triumphant, at the hour of death, to dwell in the courts of God, on the treasures of glory, through an endless evermore.

In making these last experiments, another new and interesting object presented itself to my observation. My two eyes being shaded from the direct light of the candles, when I removed both the opaque bodies suddenly, and thus admitted the direct light of the candles into my eyes, I was surprised to find that two images of the slip of white paper appeared immediately and distinctly more luminous.—This phenomenon, in all the trials I have made, lasts only for a few seconds, the sensation being similar to that which would be produced by the paper being more illuminated by a sudden flash of light.

Satisfied with barely announcing to the Society these new and curious phenomena, I forbear to offer any attempt at an explanation of them. All I shall at present say is, that they appear to me to be produced by an important function of the eye, which has entirely escaped the notice of the writers on Vision.

I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant.

T. SMITH.

Kingussie, 28th March, 1826.

From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.

## AN EXPOSTULATION—THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

This doctrine exhibits your guilt in all its enormity. In all your iniquities you aimed at concealment; you thought, when not exposed to human inspection, no eye saw you; you forgot him whose eyes are upon the ways of man and who pondereth all his goings. The Being whose authority you have despised, whose laws you have broken, has continually surrounded you. Not one moment of your existence but you have been under his inspection. You have done evil before his eyes, have insulted him to his face. He knows the thoughts which have passed through your mind; nothing has transpired in your bosom to which he is a stranger. Every action of your whole life is written before him. When the iniquitous purpose was framed in your breast, it would have been prevented or deferred by the presence of a child. But though this great mysterious Being has been continually with you, his presence has created no alarm. When wrapped in midnight shades, the adulterer said, "No eye seeth me," the murderer unheeded the instrument of death. But are ye then concealed? Oh, no! An eye keener than the lightning's flash, and brighter than ten thousand stars is upon you. Midnight's thickest shade, to him is beaming day. In that very gloom, to which ye flee for shelter, he builds his awful throne. How, sinner, will you escape his righteous indignation? The universe will not afford you a place of shelter.—What den will hide you from the bolts of his Almighty hand? what rock secure you from the arrows of Jehovah's quiver? "Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering." There is no darkness nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves. Hear his own voice—"Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them; though they climb up into heaven, thence will I bring them down." Whither canst thou flee from his presence?

But consider the aggravations of your guilt. This great spirit who has been continually with you, has been striving to accomplish your felicity. By his power he brought you into existence; he watched over you in the stage of helpless infancy, bore with the follies of childhood and of youth, and led you up to man. How often by a parent's voice, the ad-

monition of friendship, or by an alarming dispensation of providence, did he bid you "remember your Creator." He gave that disease its commission to bring you to the gates of death. It was his hand that removed a father, and hid a mother in her tomb; and ere the deep wound of affliction was healed, he said unto you "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, my father be thou the guide of my youth?" He sought to win your confidence, to inspire you with esteem and love. How did he yearn over you, as he saw you turn again to folly. He followed you to the haunts of dissipation and riot, and though unseen and disregarded, exclaimed, "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and ye fools hate knowledge?" Turn ye at my reproof; behold I will pour out my spirit upon you. I will make known my words unto you. But you have been like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears, that refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely." What if he should now determine, "My spirit shall no more strive with him?" I will say to Providence, to ministers, and to ordinances, "Let him alone." I will accomplish the dreadful wish which he has formed. "Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways." But, O thou compassionate Spirit, cast him not away from thy presence, take not thy Holy Spirit from him!—Behold, he prayeth! See the sigh of penitence heaves his bosom! The tear of contrition trembles in his eye, O thou that hearest prayer, listen to his supplication! Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son! Create in me a clean heart, and renew within me a right spirit. Sinner be of good cheer; arise! he calleth thee! He is seated on his throne of grace; the words of compassion distilling from his lips, and all the mildness of mercy beaming from his brow. "Come now, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, and though red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

From the Political Primer.

## MR. CANNING.

Of all the orators we know, there is but one who has escaped the benumbing effect of the formalities of modern routine, and who combines the raciness of untutored eloquence, with the methodical arrangements and varied stores supplied by education and research. Though living amongst mere officials, his phrases sparkle like the dew-drops, and his images are as fresh as early verdure: in discursive eloquence, he bounds along the course like a young steed just broken from the stall. Let the young aspirant consider how Mr. Canning learned to employ imagery in his extemporaneous bursts of eloquence. Some twenty years ago, he took a ride amongst the mountains of Westmoreland, at a time when nature was displaying one of those singular effects which are only to be seen in such a country. The valley to its extremity was filled with a white mass of thickened vapour, gradually expanding, to involve the nearest hills, and only a few distant peaks were clear and well defined. A broad glare of light fell upon some paltry objects in the foreground, which acquired additional deformity from their illumination, like the wrinkles in a face by Rembrandt. Mr. Canning stopped his horse at once, and said inwardly, "Here is a precise image of the present state of Europe—the noble features of the landscape, the rocks, and woods, and streams, and ancient buildings wrapped in murky fog, which even these hills cannot resist, and a few sordid huts alone are decked in sunshine." While he communed with his own mind, a blast came through an opening of the mountains, and the mist began to rise; a bright gleam fell upon some distant buildings, and the fore-ground became obscured with a black shadow. "Here," said he with animation, "we behold the towers and battlements of ancient institutions emerging from the mist that has so long involved them; and thus in dwelling with delight upon the anticipation of that result which the subsequent victory at Vittoria, realized, he treasured up the image, and every words with which he entered the house, when he rose to give his vote of thanks to the hero who had conquered.

From a Lady's Album.

## ELEGANT EXTRACT.

In such a world as ours, subjected as we are to all the vicissitudes of life—to sickness, sorrow and death—valuable indeed are the pleasures of Christian friendship, and chilled and frozen must be that heart which cannot feel that the sweetest earthly joys result from mutual interchange of soul. When our prospects are most bright, and the fabric of earthly bliss, which imagination often rears, seems almost completed—we feel that much, very much of our happiness is derived from the society of those we love—particularly from those we love as followers of Jesus—and we may hope are travelling the same path to heaven.—But when affliction is ours, when our fondest hopes are disappointed—and our dearest sources of comfort are cut off, then we can best realize the worth of those friends who mingle their sympathies with ours—and take from affliction half its sting.

"The crowds whom we smile with,—when gladness is ours,  
Are summer's bright blossoms, and autumn's gay stores,  
But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow repose,  
That friend is the winter's lone beautiful rose."

There is indeed a painful reflection, which must mingle with all the pleasures of friendship—and that is the uncertainty of its continuance: this uncertainty that always accompanies our earthly joys, often throws as it were a sickly drapery around them.—But the Christian can look beyond these changing scenes, and though his heart may often bleed, when those that are most closely entwined around it, are no longer permitted to remain on earth—faith in Jesus will enable him to believe that he receives his followers to his own bosom—and he will sweetly solace himself with the reflection, that when he shall have finished his course, he shall be again united to those friends that have reached the mansions of glory,—and mingle with them in those joys that are unfading and eternal.

The pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small consequence, but in enlarging, improving and correcting the information you possess by the authority of others.

Walter Scott.

ISSUES

MISSING

NOT

AVAILABLE